

Stranger Things- On the Other Side by Constant_Coaching

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Exploring the idea that the Upside Down isn't exclusive to Hawkins, Yes this has a new set of characters

Language: English

Characters: Benny Hammond (Cameo), Dustin Henderson (Cameo), Eleven (Cameo), Lucas Sinclair (Cameo), Martin Brenner (Cameo), Mile Wheeler (Cameo), Original Characters

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Summary:

A story paralleling the events of Stranger Things

1. Prologue

Hawkins Laboratory 1971

Red sirens blare as scientists in white coats scuttle around the disoriented facility. Amidst the chaos, a slim figure of matching attire slowly weaves her way through the chaos, allowing the screeching pitches of the alarms and the panicked atmosphere to create a distraction from the large box she carried.

Above in a raised glass platform, Dr Martin Brenner and his associates are in heated discussion, as he indicates toward the empty cell on the security footage.

‘Who had access to patient seven? And how were the security cameras tampered with?’ he speaks in strained tones.

‘Sir, security was compromised when the guards were on their break. The clearance level for entering that area is well above almost everyone here. Only you and Dr Dresun have access,’ one of the red faced security guards stammers. The room of faces abruptly turn to face Brenner.

‘Gentlemen,’ he sighs, ‘I have not visited that cell room in almost a week. Have you tried contacting Dr Dresun in any way?’

‘She checked in today, but was not present at her usual station, we tried contacting her, but there was no reply.’

At the entrance of the Hawkins laboratory, the sole figure increases in haste toward the exit, her high heels clacking against the marble floor. The guard at the entrance sees her, and instantly smiles, eyes fixed on the object encircled by her slim arms.

‘Good evening Ms Dresun. You’re looking particularly lovely today. Ehm....the box....’ Teana Dresun silently curses to herself and turns towards him. ‘Hello Greg. I’m in a bit of a hurry, so can we talk tomorrow?’

‘Hold on a minute,’ he frowns, indicating toward the box, ‘Facility

resources cannot be taken off premises.'

'This? Oh, it's just paperwork,' and instantly regrets the weakness of her lie. Unconvinced, the guard takes several steps toward her. 'May I please check it?' 'Sorry Greg.' She whispers, as her arm flashes out with a can of mace. She ignores the screams of the guard as he falls to the floor, and dashes out of the building and into her car, wasting precious seconds to ensure the box is safely secured next to her.

The cries of the fallen guard attract the attention of security, and Martin Brenner, flanked by several armed guards rush toward the entrance. They catch a glimpse of the black automobile revving out towards the gates.

'Shoot the tires' he orders without hesitation

'We cannot do that sir'

'Why not'

The guards indicate towards several workers scurrying across the grounds. Brenner ignores them, grabs the weapon off one of the guards, and fires haphazardly, missing all of his shots in the process. As the car speeds out of Hawkins Laboratory, the middle aged scientist emits a rare snarl and stalks back into the laboratory, preparing the recapture of his most precious asset.

At the front of the car and speeding away at a hundred miles per hour, Teana carefully removes the lid of the box and reaches in. Large amber eyes gaze back at her and tiny fragile hands clasp her thumb.

She smiles and whispers to the baby, tenderly rubbing the horrid black marking stamped across its soft white skin,

'Everything's going to be fine now.'

2. Unusual

Notes for the Chapter:

Whew, I got so into it I made another chapter,
enjoy :)

Valerie Sun knew she was different. It wasn't her odd surname (which her mother refused to talk to her about), or her unusually bright amber eyes, or even her constant lucid daydreams. No, it was the fact that when Valerie was 7 years old, she almost killed a boy.

From a certain point in her consciousness, Valerie was hidden by her mother from outsiders, and she recalled spending quite some time in a dusty attic, with a tattered brown teddy bear for company. On the rare occasion that she was allowed out, her mother gave her a banded bracelet to hide her left wrist and they usually took short trips to the grocer or the park. She cherished those temporary moments of freedom, when she could see the wild assortment of food and appliances, or explore the green fields that seemed endlessly dotted with trees.

However, the period of innocence ended with her enrolment in school. For Valerie, this initially seemed like a dream come true. Her mother, however, had a worried expression for an entire week leading up to it, and even considered withholding her from joining for another few years, though constant badgering finally changed her mind.

What she realised when was that school was not the great place that cartoons made it out to be. Within the hour of her first day, she had been a target for Troy Bryce, who called her a 'yellow eyed freak' and constantly pinched and teased her. The teacher, an elderly man with narrow eyes, waved away her complaints, and even asked her to stop bothering others. So Valerie endured it, and she did so for two weeks until a fateful Friday at recess in the playground.

'Hello Miss Freaky', Troy's jeers attracted the attention of several other kids in the playground, and sensing tension, began encircling the pair. 'Fight, fight, fight' the chanting grew louder and louder.

Troy leapt forward and pushed her into ground and began pounded her continuously with his fists. Perhaps it was the numbing pain, or the particularly high temperature on that summer day, but a red haze overtook Valerie, and when she awoke after what seemed like a split second, screams pierced her ears, as kids ran from the bloody mess that once tortured her, his quivering hands desperately dragging his body away.

Of course, their families were called in, and it had been painful watching Troy's parents rip into her mother with horrid insults and accusations. In the end, nobody raised any further issues, as witnesses of the incident merely saw Valerie reactively push the aggressor; nobody, however, could explain the deep cuts across the boy's stomach. That night, her mother and Valerie silently left town.

Over the next three years, they took up residence across seven different towns, though each one seemed unsuitable for her mother. In that time, she had gradually forgotten the incident, but never attempted to make social connections again.

Then, on a fine morning in 1980, three weeks shy from Valerie's 10th birthday, they arrived at the sleepy town of Tewksbury, and her mother flashed one of her rare smiles, as she drove through a neighbourhood before stopping at a simple wood-paneled house, painted blue, with a 'sold' sign in the front yard.

'What do you think of the place, Val?'

She shrugged non-committedly before hopping out of the car,

'Can I look around mum?'

'Sure, but don't go too far, and don't forget your bracelet'

Valerie strolled along the sidewalk, stopping to giggle at a squirrel desperately trying to fit a nut into a tree

'Are you new here?' a voice from behind her spoke, and Valerie instinctively jerked away to face it.

A young boy with an olive complexion, mounted on a bicycle and holding a board game stared back at her

'Yea' she said casually avoiding eye contact

'Well, nice to meet you, I'm Caleb' the boy grinned, extending an arm towards her. Out of pure politeness, she shook it briefly.

'You know, those squirrels aren't as timid as you are, if you put a couple of nuts in your hand, they will grab em' he demonstrated with some nuts from his backpack, and Valerie squealed in delight as the furry animal scampered down, and plucked several from his outstretched palm.

'C-can I try' Valerie stammered shyly.

Caleb laughed and asked for her to hold out her palm.

A few minutes later, Valerie bounded back to where her mother was busy unloading their luggage from the wagon.

"So, how'd you find the place, is it nice?"

Valerie flashed the most genuine smile she had in years.

'I think it has.....promise'.

Author's Note:

Hi everyone! Constant Coaching here, and thank you for reading my first ever fan-fic. I specifically chose this website because I heard it is a good way to connect with you, the readers, so please feel free to leave advice so my next stories will be even more enjoyable for you!